SOME FAMOUS MEN. POLLOCK'S REMINISCENCES.

PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES OF SIR FRED-RRICK POLLOCK, Second Baronet. In two vol-umes. 12mo, pp. viii., 300; viii., 274. Macmillan

These volumes of reminiscences are exceedhgly pleasant reading, being the recollections of me who was at the same time a distinguished urist, a man of letters, in touch with all the ninent people of his time, and quick to catch the interesting points of events, interviews, conversations and functions. Brought up from shildhood in contact with the brightest minds of the English bar (for he used to accompany his father, who was afterward Chief Baron, on circuit), associated at the University of Cambridge with a number of youths who attained distinction in many lines afterward, being all his life a welcome guest at the houses of the most emisent men of letters, also affiliated by his tastes with scientific circles, it would be difficult to find a more trustworthy or capable annalist for the lighter forthputtings of what may be termed distinctively the brainy circles of English so-

The Pollocks are a family many of whose members have achieved distinction, and in every case by personal merit and ability. The father of the Chief Baron (the first baronet) was a well-to-do London saddler. All his sons appear to have made their mark in the world, and several of his brothers also. A Pollock made himself a name in the disastrous Afghan expedition, and was a Field Marshal when he died. Another Pollock became an eminent man of science, and others were eminent lawyers and judges. Sir Frederick, the author of these reminiscences, has not undertaken to write a complete autobiography, but rather what the French term memoires pour servir. He has confined himself usually to noting interesting and amusing facts and remarks as he encountered them, omitting all reference to the more serious events of his time and modestly withholding his own opinions in the majority of

At Cambridge young Pollock joined the Union Debating Society, and was subsequently honored by election as a member of the Cambridge Conversazione Society, better known as "The Apostles." It was so called because the qualifications for membership demanded so high a standand of character. Neither wealth, rank, social position, nor even intellectual attainments, counted for anything in the candidate's behalf. He must, as one of them put it, " have an apostolic spirit in him" to be accepted. Strange as this method may seem, it resulted in the choice of a number of rarely gifted young men, as the following partial list of old members shows:

Among those, now deceased, whose subsequent careers justify the above remarks. Sir Arthur Helps may be named himself, F. D. Maurice, John Sterling, J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar). Charles and Arthur Buller, Trench (Archbishop of Dublin, Blakesley (Dean of Lincoln). Edward Horsman, Spedding, Arthur Hallam, Lord Houghton, Alford (Dean of Canterbury), Thompson (late Master of Trinity), Tom Taylor, W. K. Clifford and F. Balfour, It was of this society that Lord Tennyson wrote that they

"held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framwork of the land";
and, in addition to "In Memoriam," more than
one of Tennyson's minor pieces is addressed to
members of this society.

He gives this amusing account of his first ap pearance in court to try a case after being called to the bar. No doubt many young attorneys can sympathize with his feelings:

It fell to me, of course, to examine the first witness. I knew my brief by heart, but got up in the greatest funk to do my duty. The court swam round me, I did not know what questions I asked, or what answers came from the witness-box, and sat down thinking it was all over with me, and wishing the floor would open to let me disappear as completely and quickly as possible. At the close of the case a little scrap of paper, two inches square, was passed to me in the cleft of the crier's white wand, and, to my vast surprise and pleasure, I read a note from Dundas, the Judge), which said, "You examined your witness quite like an old and experienced hand, reminding us of your sire—

He tells an odd story of Lord Dudley, who was one of the most absent-minded men who ever lived, unless it might be the Rev. George Harvest:

In the was dining with King William and Queen Adelaide and was sitting next the Queen. Some dish was handed round, to which Lord Dudley belped himself, and finding it much to his liking, and being a great judge of good eating, he thought it his duty to tell his neighbor of it. So, forgetting where he was and all the etiquette of the palace, he turned to the Queen and said, "You palace, he turned to the Queen and said, "You really ought to take some of this, it is most excellent." The Queen only smiled and thanked him. A minute afterward the same thought came again into Lord Dudley's head, and again he strongly arged the Queen to have some with the same result. After another short interval, for the third time he pressed the capital merits of the dish upon the Queen's notice, who then replied. "I am glad you like it, Lord Dudley. It must be very good, for this is the third time you have told me of it." Then he, remembering that but forgetting everything else, exclaimed loud enough to be heard by all the table, "Damn the woman, so it is!"

Sir Frederick met Carlyle often enough to form an estimate of his character, and therefore his impressions are of considerable interest. Here is a

A day of two afterward there was a little ex-dition from the house to the top of Skiddaw. In descending I happened to be thrown together with Carlyle, and he talked all the way down about shams and windbags, and how Burns ought to have been King of England, and how George the Third ought to have been the exciseman. But A day or two afterward there was a little exthe Third ought to have been the exciseman. But he was most severe about Parliaments and parliamentary representation and voting for members, and all the apparatus that belonged to it, including the registration of voters; and, as he knew what I should shortly be doing in the county, he fell foul of revising barristers and chaffed and laughed at me in the heartiest and absurdest of ways, to my great delight and amusement. For as always happened, when I saw him in later years, and he used to break forth in his wild and strange way. I did not believe he meant half of what he said. It was grim enough very often, but there was always a great deal of latent humor in it all. In the middle of his most trenchant debut there was always a great deal of latent humor in it all. In the middle of his most trenchant denunciations there would be a twinkle of the eye, and a laugh, and a sort of quiet, mental dig in the ribs, as much as to say, "You must not think this is all quite serious." I do not mean to assert that I never heard him say intentionally rude and unjust things, for he did so; but they were the exception and not the rule. So that, on the whole, his conversation was most genial and delightful, especially when he was telling of his own early days and about Annandale, or recounting some curious anecdote from history, when one could enrious anecdote from history, when one co listen to him with the most perfect admiration.

Faraday was fond of novels and thus expressed

himself on fletion: Faraday's religious opinions stood quite apart from his scientific faculties, and he claimed an absolute distinction between religious and ordi-nary belief. He had much playful humor, and was fond of reading novels, and of the distractions from his severe work of the theatres and operafrom his severe work of the theatres and opera-house. Speaking of novels, he once said to my wife: "I like the stirring ones, with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little philosophy. Why, I can do the philosophy for myself; but I want the novelist to supply me with incident and change of seene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does a man good to get out of his daily pursuits, and to air his thoughts a little." He mentioned "Paul Ferroil" as having stir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern novel I like very well too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the top of his house"—this was "Jane Eyre"—" and," said he, "it is very clever and keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields; but there's a touch of mesmerism and mystery at the end, which would be better away."

A curious story of a picture dealer's sharp

Dined with Forster; met Macready, Maclise, Bellew. A good story was told of modern picture-dealers' frauds. Some years ago Charles Landseer, the brother of Sir Edwin, painted a picture called "Edgehill," which I believe consisted of called "Edgehill," which I believe consisted of the figure of a peasant girl, or one or more figures, in the scene of the battle. It was on the wall of the Academy Exhibition, when some one, on the artists' day for varnishing, retouching, etc., noticed a part which wanted filling in. Sir Edwin good-naturedly said he would put in a couple of dogs on the spot, which he did, of course in a slight manner, and the picture was much improved. The story got wind, and the picture was afterward sold at a high price on the ground of the dogs by Sir Edwin. Some time afterward a dealer brought to Sir Edwin a sketch of dogs and asked him to authenticate it as his. Sir Edwin said he could not undertake to remember having painted them, but said they looked like his. Lately the present owner of the "Edgehill" plotter, a gentleman at Clapham, and who had paid a large price for it, chiefly for the sake of the reputed Sir Edwin's dogs in it, begged of him to come and see it and confirm the tradition. He went, saw the picture, and at once detected what had been done: the dogs had been cut out of the picture, replaced by a bad copy, and no doubt were the dogs (mounted on a fresh canvas) which had been shown to him. This is supposed to be the cleverest case of dog-stealing recorded.

At a committee meeting of the Literary Fund

At a committee meeting of the Literary Fund Pollock heard a story of George Dyer, the friend of Lamb who in a fit of absence of mind walked once out of Lamb's front door into the New River : He was at one time a Baptist minister, and while performing the rite of baptism by total immersion he fell into a reverie, and held an old woman under water until she was drowned.

Here is a good and characteristic aneedote of

Bentham: Romilly has a characteristic anecdote of Jeremy Bentham. Sir Samuel Romilly once asked Bentham to dinner to meet a common friend (George Wilson) just returned from India. Bentham always hated a third person in company, and wrote in reply, "If nothing to say, why meet? If anything, why Wilson?"

A couple of pithy anecdotes of Lord Ellenborough are given:

3d August .- Stories of Lord Chief Justice Ellen 3d August.—Stories of Lord Chief Juscice Endeborough. He once came rushing out from a debate in the House of Lords and ran against the Prince of Wales, for which he apologized. "I beg your Royal Highness's pardon, but I am responsible to my Creator for the use of my time, and Lord Darnley is speaking."

Lord Darnley is speaking."

Lord Westmoreland was on his legs in the House of Lords, and, giving his opinion on the question in debate, said, "My Lords, at this point I asked myself a question.

Lord Ellenborough, in a loud aside, "And a d—d stupid answer you'd be sure to get to it."

Professor Kingdon Clifford, whose brilliant career came to so untimely an end, was a great favorite with all who knew him. Sir Frederick says of him:

Clifford was one of the most remarkable men of his time; his intellectual powers were prodigious; in the highest regions of mathematical science he had done much, and would have certainly done more in extending its powers and resources if his life had been prolonged. Whatever he did was done with ease and perfect mastery. He seemed to play with the infinite, and in the general relations of life the same case and a pervading brilliancy existed. He had the rare quality of wit, and the still rarer one in England, of gayety. His whole soul was full of love. He had few, if any, personal dislikes, but had very marked intellectual antipathies, to which he sometimes too much gave way. He was a daring and accomplished athlete in the gymnasium and a good dancer, always ready to turn from more serious occupation to fun and frolic. A friend once called him "an inspired kitten," and the name was at once adopted by many of his intimates.

In laying down these interesting volumes the Clifford was one of the most remarkable men of

In laying down these interesting volumes the reader will perhaps regret that the author did not preserve more reminiscences of Thackeray, Dick-ens, Macaulay, Lord Houghton, Macready, Bulwer, Tennyson and the many other distinguished persons he numbered among his familiar friends, and of whom so large a proportion have passed away. The remembrances are, indeed, rich in entertaining matter, yet with such abundant opportunity for observation and record their value might have been greatly increased.

LITERARY NOTES.

Roberts Brothers will bring out in this country " The Early Life of Samuel Rogers," a book which has had a notable success in England.

A "Book-Hunter's Library" in thirty volumes is in course of preparation by Mr. Prescott-Innes, of Glasgow. He says that he has collected in the course of a busy life some very rare books, some of which "are unknown, in name even, to such bibliographers as Loundes, Alibane or Quaritch," and he proposes to reprint them in large print and elegant style. Ten volumes of the series will be a reprint of Balthasar Bekker's-a Dutch theologian-"History of Magic." The first part only has hitherto been published in England, and that event took place so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The New-York Shakespere Society will issue next month the first volume of "The Bankside Shakespere." This edition will offer the text of the earliest version of each play printed in the lifetime of William Shakespere, paralleled with the 1623, or first-folio text, and both texts numbered line by line and scrupulously collated with both the folio and quarto texts. Each play is printed separately by the Riverside Press, on laid paper, unent, boards. Only 500 copies are printed from type and hand-numbered under the society's inspection. Each copy contains a certificate signed by a committee of the society, pledging the society's faith to this effect. The price on delivery is \$2.50 per volume, and the society accepts only purchasers who will take the series, twenty in all. Subscribers are assigned and will receive an identically numbered cops of each volume.

published next month.

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks is to supervise the preparation of a series of historical studies of the States of the Union. The series will be illustrated by L. J. Bridgeman and will be published by the D. Lothrop Company. Mr. Brooks will write "The Story of New-York," Mrs. Fremont will deal with Missouri, Miss Olive Risley Seward with Pennsylvania, the Rev. E. E. Hale with Massachusetts and Sidney Luska with Connecticut. Forty five biographies of Charles Dickens have been

The volume of " Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast,"

which Colonel Charles C. Jones, of Augusta, is prepar ing, will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Stannard's pathetic story, "Brotles' Baby," has een dramatized and the play is to be brought out in London by Mr. Edgar Bruce.

On the occasion of the removal of the State Library to the New Capitol several assistants were needed to sort books and put them in place. Among those who were engaged was a certain dignified elderly gentleman who rought with him credentials of his literary ability from several leading citizens of Albany who are prominent a Democratic politicians. He was engaged and set at work at once. The State Librarian, who kept a shrewd ntlook over his assistants, soon noticed that this man actually accomplished very little. He apparently avoided public gaze, but kept steadily at his work in dark recesses of the library, whence he would sometimes emerge, a candle in one hand and in the other a lon strip of paper to which he seemed in constant need of referring. Several days passed, and as there was no apparent progress in the elderly gentleman's work was decided to watch him. After a short period of watching the State Librarian appeared with the new assistant attired in his overcost; he had been summarily dismissed. The mystery of his work was explained -th strip of paper he carried for reference contained the letters of the alphabet, for this "competent" gentleman who had been recommended to assist in arranging the library of the State could neither read nor write.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has had the gold penturned into two rings -one for each of her children. It is supposed that she will confine her story-telling hereafter to ber grandchildren

A collection of the songs sung by the sailors of all nations at their work has been made by the daughter of the Russian Consul at Newcastle-on-Type. They are veritable sea-songs and in many cases the words and masic had never before I een taken down until the work was done by this young lady. She made the round of the Euglish scaports for the purpose and got the sailors to sing to her. The collection is to be published by Kegan Paul under the captivating title of "The Music of

Six hundred miles of canoeing on the Rock, Fox and Wisconsin rivers will be described in "Historic Water-ways," a volume which is now in the press of A. C. Mc-Clurg & Co. Its author is Mr. R. G. Thwaites, secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

> Oh! this is the month of the year When Nature says to the snow! " It is time that you disappear;

Just get yourself ready and go; She says to the lcicles, " Come, Then hark for the sound of my drum,

When, bright little soldlers of mine, Shoulder your arms and March." But the winter wind and the sleet

That never to April belong, She chases and hunts through the street, She harries and drives them along; And with clarion voice and strong She orders them to March!

Then she onickens the violet's heart. Are you getting ready to start? Let me whisper in your ear hat the apring-time is almost here. It is now on the March !".

NEW-YORK LIFE. THE YOUNG GREEK GOD.

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE BOY ABOUT TOWN-THE

These are the days when demi-gods walk the earth. They have only done it lately, the divine fire which created them having been stolen from Olympus by these modern disciples of Prometheus, Miss Broughton The Young Greek God in America is not yet per-

feeted. Perhaps it is that we Americans are not yet perfected. We regard him as complete-a national glory-when he has achieved the clearness and brilliant lucidity which succeeds the vigorous fermentation of ing in libations of champagne-and watches the sunny the Boy-About-Town epoch. This is all wrong. The Young Greek God in his highest form should be mid- the bottle's narrow throat. the aged and a guardsman, the older and the bolder the better. The Gods, whom burning Oulda loved and sung, were of an age when in this savage country gant hostesses, the agile leader of germans, whose they would be regarded as doddering old men, inter-esting relies of the golden prime of Andrew Jackson. Elfand softly blowing, whose prowess in the heroic Their flavor would be too fruity for our unaccus comed palates. We would only take kindly to them anise-seed bag-is only equalled by his daring pursuit as grandpapas, or, in an exceptional case or two, as of that other wild animal, the greenback, which coyly "Awful Dads." Our Young Greek Gods must be flees the importunities of man—grow loudly talkative, shams, or else the English ones are the victims of an unfortunate mistake, such as Aurora made in the on the tented field;

Town. At about twenty-four years of age a change the table because he couldn't find a clean plate?"
was visible to him. He became talkative and lively. He "Ha-ha! I should smile. But will you ever for scorn, he now looks at her with tender affection, never saw a woman so mad in your life!"
sitting gracefully beside her in a Du Maurier attitude "Oh-but the day Jones fell in the coal-hole! He of chivalrous devotion. He takes to reading books of a thoughtful and philosophical nature, dips into Kant, in great style, and he walked square into an open takes a frightened peep at Schopenhauer, knows a coal-hole." takes a frightened peep at Schopenhauer, knows a thing or two about the Tolstoi Philosophy, and gives his old friends Bulwer and Boccaccio the go-by. Where, in the old Boy-About-Town days, he secretly rioted in "Charles O'Malley" and the immortal "Three Guardsmen," he now gives the "Data of Ethics"-in green cloth cover with a white label-the place of honor on his table, and pays large dues to the library for keeping "The Age of Reason" six months. Despite this improvement in his literary taste it is still some-what unmanageable, and will suddenly shoot off out of his control like a marionette's legs. He keeps his critical faculty well ofled with yellow-covered novels, upon which he occasionally makes what he considers rather neat criticisms. Witness the one on "Mr Barnes of New-York":

"A gentleman, such as Mr. Barnes is supposed to be, would never have worn reversible cuffs," said the God on being questioned, and the Boys were overawed by this evidence of the instincts of a gentleman and a critic combined.

The God is undoubtedly a great improvement on the Boy, from whose asles he sprang, phoenix-like. Where—five minutes after he had met her—he used to ask a girl if she believed in the immortality of the soul, he now asks her, after a two hours' bombardment of commonplaces, if she believes in love. Where of old he confided his latest grande passion-swelling with pride at this manly achievement—to the nearest feminine ear, he now acknowledges a tranquil attachment, founded or fact, to a discreet married lady who has confidential relations with the charmer. Where, when a girl "teased him," he used to look bashfully radiant and rather like it, he now looks iclly at her with the raised eyebrows of cold surprise, and completes the razing of her childish mirth by artful use of that iconoclastic and chilly word "platonic." Where, in the good old days, he and his best friend would talk across a benumbed and dazzled debutante, on a prizefight, they now substitute politics. Where he used to drag his fictitious fine friends into the conversation by main force, he now lets them melt into their nativ unmolested. Where, should a rival know an Earl, he always managed to know a Duke, he now says with a pensive smile:
"Well, I have only met one celebrity in my life-

Patsy Duffy. Did you ever meet Patsy Duffy?" And this is far more effective than a whole peerage-full of Dukes. Where, by a generous use of flashing innuendo, he proudly admitted his imaginary, but not the less time, his taste in women ran to sinewy old campaigners, who had won their spurs when he was cutting his teeth on a rubber ring, it now turns to the spring riz, more complexion, less tongue, more heart. By the time he is fifty he will look fondly upon fifteen.

Yet don't imagine for a manual that he had all his affections. Some still flourish in unabbreviated glory, and new ones have started showing a tropical tinsel and pink paper blossoms. He likes to pose as one to whom life offers no great charm, who has cast away ambition as a youthful folly, and snaps his fingers at love as a broken-nosed goddess whose day is over. He undoubtedly "beats" his friends for a an identically numbered copy of each volume.

"Modeste Mignon," the next volume in Miss Katharine place by the sea. He has never been abroad, yet he or when he "was in Vienna in '85." He will assure you with glib nonchalance that he reads Victor Hogo nd Daudet in the original, but if you come to in vestigate you will find he has perused their works h scap translations and then learned the names in French. There is no doubt he steals a good many of is brightest remarks, makes free with his best friend's best stories, draws on the reviewers for his opinions views, and there is no doubt, despite these layses from the path of veracity and sincerity, of his being, as Gods go, a very good fellow.

> The Young Greek God socially realizes an ideal. He can dance with the greatest dexferity, he is goodlooking, he talks well, and is not readily disconcerted. He not only furnishes a room, he adorns Matrimonially he is not much of an ideal, for he i generally poor. As a rule, he is gobbled up by the mothers of such girls leading on their forlorn hope with lances in rest and banners flying. The God is, for a time, in a state of siege, but finally capitulates, in a state of terror. The Boys About Town, fro whose ranks he originally burst in all his dazzling splender, regard him with fond, adoring eyes, as the great man who reminds them they can make the lives sublime. He is very kind to them, allows then to treat him on great occasions, and sometimes ask them up to his rooms, where he gives them elgarette champagne and advice. The latter not loftily, but in a cheery, fatherly spirit, saying every now and

"Yes when I was your age I thought the same way, but now, listen, old boy"-

And chunks of wisdom are flung with a lavish gen erosity into the Boy's empty cerebral cavity. The Boy, flattered by the manner in which the advice is given, flattered by the friendship, waxes confidential and leaning back, making rings, the smoke lingering in cloudly layers in the still, hot air, confesses aspira tions and opinions long cherished in secret; and al estraint washed away with a brimming beaker of Clicquot's sparkling, amber widow, gives tongue till the wolkin rings again. This is a giddy joy to the descended denizen of Olympus—these murmurs recall the days of his own savory greenness with a richly comfortable sense that he is not as this other man though he once was. They both have their ellows on the table, and through the hovering smoke-wreaths eye each other, the God with a kindly, smiling, cyni-

ism, the Boy with a loving confidence.

The God's feeling toward the Boy is, he likes to think, purely artistic. He is a student of human nature, the heart and its passions amuse him more than These grubs of future man a comedy or a ballet. studies with anthropological interest; they are himself in the savage state before domestication. Was he ever as great an ass as this!" he thinks with comfortable saille at his own advancement in the cultivation of common sense. As interesting em-bryos, their almiess stirrings indicating to the thoughtful mind their future career and destination, he looks curiously at them, Hstens with a close attention to their artless practile. Sometimes they take him to dinner, asking him with some trepidation if he will come. He accepts with princely condescension, much pleased. He is in the best of tempers, sits anywhere. or where the MacGregor sits there is the head of the 'able, and at their request, orders the dinner, deliver-ing a discourse on that rare art to which they listen respectfully as to the voice of a prophet crying in the His orders delivered to the waiter, who with pendant napkin and sleek, bent head, eyes him with the stelld, uncomprehending gaze of the French Henry, are delivered with that elegant case, that unmoved self-poise, which only the social luminary can acquire. He is as brilliant as possible, his conversfull of juicy mots, and sharpened splinters of gossip. While he dallies with his chilly, little Shrewsburys he glances from a bit of theatrical history to a dissertation on California wines, and as he attacks his fish which, under its crisply browned outside falls titte dry, white slakes beneath his assaulting fork, givea lecture on the proper cooking of crabs, and treat With what a firm tenderness

does he break these butterflies! The Boys begin to "show their mealy wings" in this genial atmosphere, and grow more confidential, garnishing their comments with personal experiences to which he listens. politely tolerant, occasionally marmuring, with hand-some head thrown back, to the officious Henri, who springs as if electrified when he meets the imperious, Olympian eye. The pendant chandeller-a core of host and light-dlluminates the God's close-clipped, fair hair and casts a satiny lustre on his board-like shirtbosom, broken by three tiny points of effore. Sur-rounding glasses reflect his profile, finished with a point of blonde beard, and with his full eyelids reflectively drooped. Dining ladies shoot sharp side giances at him as, with unctuous deliberation, he tilts the basket of his pint of Barsac-the Boys are piedg-

The Boys, encouraged by the condescending friendchase of that latest novelty of American fauna-the

on the center hand.

The Young Greek God began life as a Boy About when Peterson throw the systems a la poulette under "Ha-ha! I should smile. But will you ever forlost his old indifference to women. Where, in his salad get the night I trod on Mrs. Maloney's train, and it days, he gazed at a girl askance with lightly veiled gave with a crash right along the top? Mad? You

"Yes; that was great! Wasn't hurt a bit. Got up, walked upstairs, went out, found a crowd of people staring down the hole, joined the crowd and said, Say, fellers, what's the row about ?' "

To these marrowy reminiscences the God listens with a musing smile. With his eyes vacantly fixed on the spirals of bubbles rising in his neighbor's champagne-glass and clustering winking round the brim, he hears his companions talk knowingly of fast horses, high life, and leaning back in his chair, smiles a tonder smile in memory of his departed youth.

But at a ball the God is really great. His entrance alone is impressive. Standing in the doorway he views the field-slowly, calmiy, tranquilly. There is sone of that exuberant enthusiasm about him which men to his right and left exhibit "without regret or shame." He is self-possessed, immovable; they stand for one moment gazing round, sniffing the air like the stag at the horn of the chase, then, through a break in the crowd, calching a glimpse of the beloved one's sylph-like back, plunge into the melee, elbowing the throng, treading on shirts, lacerating toes, mutilating fans, breasting the waves of gauze and broadcloth with eyes fixed on those dear, pearly shoulders; finally ar-riving, breathless, meiting, smiling, and gasping with exhausted joy,

The God never does this. He arrives late and stands in the doorway, surveying the glittering throng. The girls, parading with their partners, dodge their pretty heads forward to claim his grave, impressive bow, then glance backward over their partner's shoulder to accentuate the greeting with a soft and deli-cate smile and a flash of rounded eyes, which says a thousand tender, flattering things. But the God is adamant. He does not fly for a dance, he deliberates. Ah, yes, there is Tillie over there," he says to himself, as the crowd separates and Tillie is discovered sitting on a cane-bottomod chair, such as are rented for balls, lectures and funerals, discoursing over the top of her fan to a rosy youth. But Tillie will ke Then Mrs. Marabout waggles past, very pink and fluffy and squeezed about the feet, her partner agitating a fan of white feathers, which makes her crimped bang rise and fall like a beating heart, and causes Mrs. Marabout to be somewhat distant in her remarks. She greets the God effusively, her head inclined, her is now apparently harmless as a sucking dove, and hand extended across her partner's walstcoat, her shrines an ideal in his heart. Where, once upon a best smile on, and with all her little waggish tricks

as a God should: as a God should:

"So charmed you're here! Awfully afraid you wouldn't be able to come! Is your cold better?" with a solicitous glance. But never a word of dancglory, and new ones have started showing a crop of vigor, an exotically rich and luxurious development. Many of the old ones, clipped into prim, conventional shapes like German yews, still bear a fine crop of shapes like German yews, still bear a fine crop of blossoms. He likes to pose rather hard for her to do it because her neck is so

causes her to say so sharply,
"For Heaven's sake, stop twitching that fan! It

The God, satisfied with his survey, goes off toward Tilke, sitting on the cane-bottom chair. Tillie is a debutante from a suburb. Arcadian vistas open be-fore the sated worldling when he talks to Tillie. When murmurs a soft greeting, she twists suddenly round, licious surprise and confusion. Her partner, after opening and shutting her fan with a long rustle endng in a snap, and staring round the room as if he was looking for some one, rises and drifts away withou adieus. The Ged leans back, takes the fan, and softly fanning himself, looks, with smiling admiration his Tillie's demure profile, as she sits up stiffly her hands clasped in her lap, every now and then, as she talks, turning her slim throat, and looking shyly at him out of the corners of her eyes, with her head cocked like a bird's. Says the God, after some artful preamble, dropping his words slowly and softly, "I was so afraid you were not here. I looked all

over for you." "I was afraid you weren't coming too," says Tillie, for one delirious moment forgetting herself. Then, conscious of her unseemly pleasure in his presce, she looks at her bouquet greatly embarra-Would you have been disappointed if I hadn't come !" says the God, seizing the opening by the throat and pinning it down. He leans forward, with his elbows on his knees, and spies at her averted, rosy profile, with high enjoyment.

Tillie, in an agony of confusion, turns away her head, and beats a nervous tattoo on the seat of the thair vacated by her last partner. This bold and lesperate man is evidently in love with hor. How horribly exciting! Presently, she lifts her drooping head, and looking at the chandeller, says faintly, "I don't know."

"That's not an answer. Would it have made any difference to you if I hadn't come?" with flery earnest

"I wouldn't have had so many partners," says this innocent child of a suburb, feeling that the asion is sufficiently desperate to admit of a lie. After he words are uttered she looks extremely guilty,

and nervously fingers her necklace.

The God makes no response. He gives a mighty sigh which nearly rends his shirt-bosom in twain, and ooks at her fan which he absently opens and shuts. He is curious to see what Tillie will do next; these dences are very effective in forcing the opponent's Tillie steals a look at him, his eyebrows are raised with a look of patient endurance. chows on his knees he is leaning forward critically studying the painting on the fan. He looks crushed, thinks Tillie. Poor man! Was she rude! She has insulted him! How handsome he is! If he came to If he came to call on her when she goes home, what a sensation he would create. A man from town, and such a man from town: Spurred by these thoughts, she murmurs, with downcast eyes :

"Are you offended! I'm so sorry!" The God softly smoothes his mustache with the fan.
"Not offended," he says, watching the whirling couples with a martyrized expression. "But I'm afraid I must believe that you're a firt after all"— then suddenly leaning forward and regarding her with a sweet and insimuating smile-" are you a flirt! Please don't firt with me!"

Tillie's tender heart is rent. She feels as if she were in a novel. For her life she can say nothing, but plucks at her bouquet in silence. Presently the od rises and says: "Let's have a turn; this kind of talking does

As Tillie lays her hand on his sleeve she looks into

his eyes with a peculiar, dog-like expression, at once wistful and apologetic,

The God dances next with Miss Van Corker. Miss Van Corker is a veteran of three seasons' hard wear. She has been steeped in the Styx of numerous filta-tions, and has of late been considered invulnerable. Cuptd's darts fly off her pachydermatous heart, as did the shells of the Cumberland off the Merrimac's iron bide. She dances well, dreases handsomely, talks brightly, laughs loudly. She is large, rather overpowering, enjoys " a good time," loves men collective ly, is always in a good humor, and has always plenty f partners and few lovers. She wears a black dress tonutty of her waish. Her cheeks are crimson, she



A Skin Without Blemish

pores, the skin constantly renews tuself, and not only with tional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

OUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every species of torturing, dis-figuring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when I saw the advertisement of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used one box of CUTICURA, one bettle of RESOLVENT, and one cake of SOAP, and am now able to do all my own work. MRS. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 81. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. For Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin, scalp and hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

is melting after a vigorous polka, and, as the God approaches, she cries breathlessly, "Mercy, 1'm reasting!"

"Mercy, I'm reasting!"

The God murmurs a suggestion, and they pass through a rattling bamboo portiere into an antercom. Here there are arm-chairs, and red lamps behind palms; a suggestion of solitude renders the room romantic, and the languid pulses of the waltz rise and fall softly in the distance. It is an ideal nook, thinks the God. The Van Corker takes an arm-chair, and leans back, panting luxuriously, her head thrown back, her long throat curved tenderly, her eyes vacantly fixed on the network of palm spikes overhead. The God draws up a small chair.

"Isn't this divine?" he murmurs, shutting his eyes.

"It's cool, that's the main thing," pants the lady.

"Have you been enjoying yourself?" with anxious solicitude.

"Oh, having a gorgeous time—perfectly stunning! what kept you so late?" turning her lazy, handsome head, and looking at him from under her lowered lids, with a languid glance.

"Do you mean that you missed me?" hitching his

with a languid glance.
"Do you mean that you missed me?" hitching his

chair a little closer, and looking at her with precisely the same intense, flery glance which disturbed Tillie's The Van Corker, who has been gazing again at the

paims, shoots a sharp, puzzled side-glance at him, and then says, cheerfully: "Not in the least, my dear boy. When you're

dancing one man's as good as another." "Then why did you save a dance for me l" says the God, his ire rising.
"Because you asked me the last time you met

me," retorts the charmer, with tranquillity.

The God tries the efficacy of silence on this realcitrant beauty. Then he repeats the form of attack recently so effective. Leaning toward her he says in a low voice;

"Suppose I hadn't come at all to-night; what would you have felt ??

"Mad," promptly.
"Only mad?" in a mortified tone.

"I'm afraid so. Would you expect me to go crazy with griof! I'd have tried-to oblige you-but it would have been hard work." The God sighs, feeling exhausted. But he is de-

"How did you enjoy the last Assembly ?" a dance which he did not grace with his presence.

Oh, it was splendid! I nover had a better time i" with a sparkling glance. "I hoped you had not had such a charming time."

Why !" raising her head in indignant surprise. What a mean, selfish thing to say!"
"It tsn't mean or selfish at all," says the God,

getting in a rage.
"Why in Heaven's name," continues the offended beauty, sitting upright and breathing war, "shouldn't have a good time, I'd like to know !"

"Because," says the God, in a fury, "I wasn't "Oh!" cries the lady, in tones of contemptuous conviction, "is that all? I thought you were hinting

hat I was a wall-flower." She sinks back in the chair, smiling, and rest o good humor. The God fumes in silence, then look-

ng at her handsome profile, against the screen of palms, melts. She is certainly a splendid creature. Suddenly, as she turns, he cries in tones of agonized

moment longer!" "Why! What's the matter?" cries she, alarmed,

holding her head stiffly as though caught in the iron embrace of a photographer's clamp, and gazing at the rapturous God out of the corners of her eyes-" Quick -what is it? A beetle?"
"Oh, no, no," desperately, feeling as if he could clutch his head, "your profile against the palms.

It was a perfect pose."

"My what !" sitting up and staring at him with puzzled frown.

"Your profile-against those palms-it looked very pretty," with savage distinctness of utterance. "My profile"-then the truth breaking on her, she flings herself back in a gale of mirth:

"Hahaha! Oh, my, how idiotic!" She shakes with laughter, pressing her hand on her side. I'll die some day when I'm talking to you. I thought you meant a beetle or a mouse when you spoke so suddenly. Oh, you're the funniest man! Let's go ack. You make me laugh too much !" They go back silently.
As the God drives home with his married sister,

he asks him which of his two partners he liked the best. He answers promptly:

"Oh, Tillie, by all means. She's so much brighter
than that lump of a Van Corker:"

REYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION.

BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION.

From The Detroit Tribuna.

They were discussing neighborhoods and neighbors and curiously enough each man thought he had the best neighborhood in the city. When all had spoken the quiet man said that he had the best neighborhood. "None of the neighbors have daughters that play the piano." said he; "none of them ever want to borrow may paper, and none of them ever want to use my telephone."

They all stopped still and looked at the quiet man, and one of them presently approached him and askedig "Have you my neighbors!"

I live in a thickly settled neighborhood," he said, "Have you at telephone!"

I have."

To you take the paper!"

The questioner then stopped back to his companions.

"I do."

The questioner then stepped back to his companion and without a word they turned, withdrew, and loft his

Prom The Detroit Free Press.

A gentleman empored the street car with one eye looking forward and the other eye looking howhere in particular, when a small boy exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, jes' see that man's eyes. He's looking out of both sides at once."

"Hush, hush, Johannio! How often must I tell you not to notice a man's infirmities. He's cross-eyed."

The little fellow was silent for a memant, and then softly inquired:

"But, mamma, am I cross-eyed when I'm cross:"

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, is coascions desquamation, but with its natural func- until, by the advice of a lady triend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA, and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be-a complete cure. BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recom-mended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to ne avail. I am willing to make adidavit to the truth of the GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

PIMPLES, black heads, red, rough, chapped and oily

A DEVELOPING MIND. Zenae Dane in The Detroit Free Press.

"I think-"
"Let me see the inside of it," put in the inquiring mind.
"I'm afraid I'll get dust in it, my boy. Yes, as

"I'm afraid I'll get dust in it, my boy. Yes, as I was saying..."

"What serciety give it to you?"

"The Phil Kearney branch of the G. A. R., of which I am..."

"What's 'G. A. R.' mean?"

"Grand Army of the Republic. Now sit down, my little man, and..."

"Did they give you the chain, too?"

"Oh, yes, Now..."

"Is it real gold or only plated?"

"Gold..."

"Let me feel it."

"Let me feel it."

"I can't very well for..."

"Where'd you get that big ring?"

"That was a present, too. Now, if I were you I'd..."

"Who give it to you?"
"Oh, a friend. You see now, Smith, as I was say

"Oh, a friend.

Ing."

What kind of a set is there in that ring?

"It's most agate; now turn around and."

"You going far?"

"Only to Buffalo."

"Only to Buffalo."

"What are you going there for?"

"On business; now you must turn around and sfl down. little fellow, for L-"

"What kind of business?"

"Come, come; sit down now and-"

"Bo you live in Buffalo?"

"No; 1-"

"Where do you live?"

"In Utica; now sit down and keep still."

"What are you going to do in Buffalo?"

"You ask too many questions."

"You got a kulfe?"

"You got a kulfe?"

"Yes, but I-"

"How'll you trade sight unseen?"

"I never trade that way. Now you-"

"Fraid you'll get beat, ch?"

"Sit down."

"Let's see your kulfe."

"Sit down."

"Let's see your knife."

"You turn around there."

"See here, boy, you turn around there and sit down and don't open your mouth again for a week! You ask more questions than two talking machines could answer. Now you shut up!"

A PRACTICAL TEST.

Wextheld letter to The Boston Globs.

Johnny, who is four years old, was playing in the yard one day, and a lady who lived close by wished to have the eggs, if any were laid since her last visit to the hennery, brought in. She said to the little boy: "Johnny, will you go to the honnery and see if there are any eggs there? Don't bring in the china ones; leave them there; but if there be any others bring them in."

Johnny started to do the bidding, and soon returned with two or three broken eggs and his pinafore solled. The lady seeing him coming, exclaimed:

"Oh, Johnny, how did you break the eggs?"
Johnny looked at her in surprise, and said: "How could I tell whether they were china eggs or not, if I didn't try them?"

RARE GUSTATORY INDULGENCES.

From The Boston Transcript.

It was X—, a literary man, who remarked to a day of his acquaintance a day or two ago, in response

iady of his acquaintance a day or two ago, in response to a question:

"Yes, Mrs. X.— has gone to New-York, to remain about a fortuight. She went Saturday. By the way, Oakhill and Grigson came over Sunday afternoon and we had a great dinner."

"A great dinner, indeed, and in the absence of Madame! and oray what did you have for dinner!",

"Why, such a dinner at a man likes to have when his wife is away, pienty of cabhage and onions and choose, and that sort of thing!"

HOLDING SOMETHING IN RESERVA

HOLDING SOMETHING IN RESERVE.

From The Boston Courter.

The road from Mrs. Blank's summer cottage for Cape Cod) to the hearest station lay over a succession of sandy hills and yet more sandy hollows, and as the horse with which journeys to and fro were made was a native of the Cape, and prenatally disposed to sloth, there was often much uncertainty about the length of time required for the journey. On one occasion Mrs. Blank was very anxious to calch a certain train, and as that event scenned from the leisurely gait of the horse with the beast go faster. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady sitest nately examined her watch and encouraged the driven. At last, however, her pationed became completely exhausted, and espring a place in the tough hide of the stolld brute where the harness had chaled, she crid out vehemently!

"Hit him on the raw, Mr. Casseboom! Hit him on the raw!"

"Ma'am," responded Mr. Casseboom with unmoved gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the fill." The story is not true, but the editor is not respond sible for its manufacture. A Revelation.

"Julia, just look at my hair and beard! I would 's care if it was all gray, but to look streamed like a release of the disagreeable."

Society anys my wife, " wasn't her hair streamed with gray, and wasn't I always pulling out the white hairs?"

Find can you see how any color but the 'beautifu' ght chestaut' as you used to call it when whan well, when we were some years younger?'

"No, my pet."

"No, my pet."

"Well, sir, I've been to 54 WEST 23D-ST., and I've the IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR."

Remember, it is perfectly harmless, and one application will restore the patents bear and these to your hair and bear.